

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 24, 1872.



"The baronet suddenly took her hand in his"—p. 324.

## HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER LXI.—GERALD'S CONCLUSION.

WITH the sense of embarrassment growing upon him, Gerald put the lost bookmark into his pocket, saying, simply, "I am very glad, Bessie, to have this again."

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"I have no doubt of it," was the dry response.

He gave her a surprised glance, as he added with his usual frankness, "It is a present."

"So I presume."

What was it in Bessie's tone that brought the colour into Gerald's face? He looked at her, but as her face was averted, did not see the look in her eyes which might have revealed the true state of her feelings. He only made matters worse by saying, "It is one I value, Bessie."

"I had already guessed as much."

"Indeed!"

Gerald's exclamation startled Bessie, she glanced timidly at him, to ascertain whether she had betrayed herself. The young doctor caught sight of her flushed, agitated face, but failed to read the signs which the keen-eyed heir of the Chadburns had looked for in vain. He felt the fair hand tremble as he caught hold of it, and said earnestly, "Bessie, what have I done to vex you?"

"Vex me, Gerald?"

"Yes, it is no use your denying it, for I can see it in your face; is it because I have upset your work-box?"

"I am not vexed, Gerald."

"Not vexed, Bessie?"

"No."

"Something is amiss, Bessie; have I done anything of which you do not approve?"

"How can you ask such an absurd question, Gerald? Even supposing you had, it wouldn't matter to you whether I approved or not."

In spite of herself, Bessie could not help the change in her voice, and the marked emphasis which she gave to the personal pronoun, and she endeavoured to withdraw her hand from his, but he refused to part with it, saying, half laughingly, half seriously, "Never mind your work, Bessie, and let your hand remain where it is; now listen to me——"

Bessie interrupted him, saying petulantly, "Not until you loose my hand."

After a moment's hesitation, he very reluctantly let go his hold of the slender white fingers, adding rather haughtily, "Forgive me, if I have taken a liberty."

A pause of some minutes followed, during which Bessie worked upon her embroidery as if her life depended upon its being finished in a certain number of hours. Gerald was the first to break the silence. "Well, Bessie, am I to consider myself forgiven?"

"I have nothing to forgive."

"Then tell me what is the matter. Are you feeling unwell?"

Gerald's voice had such a depth of tenderness in it as he asked the question, that Bessie felt it thrill through her. She gave him a side glance as she said, with some of her old brightness, "Thank you, Doctor Darley, I am quite well."

Gerald replied, a satisfied smile taking the place of the serious look which had shadowed his face, "Ah! that sounds more like yourself, Bessie."

"I never was like any one else," she answered saucily; adding, with a slight increase of colour,

"Though I cannot say the same of you; but there, that is easily accounted for."

"What is easily accounted for?" Gerald asked, with a puzzled air.

"Your being like some one else all the morning."

"Perhaps the transformation is not so easily accounted for as you imagine, Bessie; but you had better try and guess, I will tell you whether you are right or wrong."

Bessie shook her head, saying, with one of her light silvery laughs, "It would be very injudicious of me to do anything of the kind, Gerald."

"Why?"

"Suppose it's a secret?"

"A secret!"

"Yes."

"I cannot for the life of me understand you to-day, Bessie."

"You could if you tried."

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then all I can say, Bessie, is that you are a riddle."

"Easily read, Mr. Gerald Darley."

"I deny it."

"It is useless your doing so, for the answer to the riddle is in Workenbury, and—but there I have told you quite enough—a deal more than I ever intended."

"I am none the wiser for it."

Bessie laughed as she said, "That is not my fault, Gerald."

"I am not so sure of that," and Gerald gave Bessie a keen scrutinising look, as if he thought he could find by the expression of her face the motive that influenced her strange answers. He continued, "Come, talk sensibly, Bessie, for once."

She interrupted him. "Thank you, Mr. Darley, your manners certainly improve."

So the running fire of repartee went on until it reached its height, the battery of words playing briskly on both sides. They were getting excited with their word-fencing, losing in calmness what they gained in warmth, and rapidly verging on what might end in a serious misunderstanding of each other. Gerald was getting bewildered at the unexpected turn which their conversation had taken. They were clearly at cross purposes; but as the riddle was a woman, he considered it hopeless of solution, and decided that it must be left to time.

Bessie had folded her work and was rearranging the contents of her workbox, her flushed face affording no index to her feelings, for with all her saucy words her heart was beating wildly, and unshed tears were ready to break through the bright light in her large eyes. At that moment the door opened and gave admittance to Phoebe, who went forward to her young mistress, carrying in her hand a note, which she delivered with an air of mystery and importance, and

a glance at Gerald, who watching the little pantomime with a puzzled air, for Phoebe's face was a study in itself, caught sight of the well-known Chadburn crest, and guessed at once that it was from Cyril Chadburn. The discovery annoyed him more than he cared to acknowledge, and he murmured to himself, "Cyril Chadburn is right, she cares nothing for me."

## CHAPTER LXII.

## FOR HAROLD'S SAKE.

DR. WARD had accepted Sir Richard's invitation for himself and Sylvia, feeling not a little flattered at the attention shown towards his daughter, and his pleasure was increased when he found that Gerald Darley was to make one of the party. He watched Sylvia anxiously as the carriage passed through the gates into Chadburn Park. He knew that the thought of this visit had excited her, and he fancied he could guess why.

The prospect of being brought face to face with Sir Richard and Lady Chadburn, had, in anticipation, converted the Chadburn dinner-party into something of a formidable ordeal, for which she felt it necessary to be prepared. From the night that Sylvia unburdened her heart in confession to her mother, the name of Harold was rarely mentioned in the doctor's family circle. By tacit agreement it seemed to have been avoided as a subject that would give pain to all. As the doctor foresaw, the visit to Chadburn would bring back many painful thoughts and associations.

The young lady herself found it hard to realise the idea of being received as a guest in the home which poor Harold had left a voluntary exile. The presence of Gerald Darley was a relief to Sylvia, for he engaged her father in conversation, and spared her the necessity of being obliged to talk when she wanted to lie back in her corner of the carriage and think. If the young assistant had been in her confidence, and been informed of all that was passing in her thoughts, he could not have acted with more tact and delicacy of feeling than he displayed during the journey.

Perhaps he guessed the truth, and had discovered for himself the carefully-guarded secret of her love for Harold Chadburn. However this might be, it is certain that no brother could have shown more consideration and tenderness than was evinced by Gerald towards Sylvia. As the carriage rolled on through the exquisite scenery that would have stored an artist's portfolio with a multitude of charming sketches, Gerald received an approving glance from the brilliant dark eyes that amply repaid him for any self-denial he might have practised, in exerting himself for the entertainment of her father, who liked discussing bits of Workenbury gossip with his assistant, and enjoyed with apparent relish the young doctor's characteristic

conversation, laughing heartily at some of his graphic sketches, and his rueful speculations on the chance of being interrupted in the midst of dinner by an urgent summons to return.

Nothing could be more cordial than the reception accorded to the Workenbury party by Sir Richard and his son Cyril. The latter was all suavity and smiles; he could always unbend when it suited his purpose, and it did suit him at present to conciliate Gerald Darley. The other guests of the day were the venerable rector of Chadburn, his maiden sister, and an orphan niece who resided with them at the Rectory. These ladies were good, amiable, and commonplace, possessing between them not one distinctive characteristic, except the attraction of a very soft low voice on the part of the elder lady, and on that of the niece a pair of beautifully-formed hands, of which, in spite of her country education and strict home training, the young lady knew how to display to the best advantage. Her society was somewhat of a refuge to poor little Sylvia, during the trying interval after dinner, when the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and she was of necessity drawn more closely under the observation of Lady Chadburn, who, without any breach of the perfect good breeding which always regulated her manners, both in and out of society, contrived to convey the impression of immeasurable distance between herself and the doctor's daughter. Having failed to impress Gerald Darley with her superiority, and the great favour conferred upon him by the invitation which he had accepted, for the young doctor's haughty carriage and well-bred self-possession was proof against her ladyship's attack, she turned to poor Sylvia, and made her feel that she was not to take the invitation as an admission of their equality. Having satisfied herself that she had produced the desired effect upon the young girl, she civilly ignored her.

On taking their seats in the drawing-room, her ladyship engaged the rector's sister in a discussion concerning the best site for the school which Sir Richard purposed erecting, the old building being in a very dilapidated condition. This arrangement threw the two young ladies together. The clergyman's niece, Miss Carlton, who had been from the first attracted towards the handsome stranger, improved the occasion by trying to get better acquainted. They were soon chatting familiarly, comparing confidential notes about each other's tastes and pursuits after the manner of schoolgirls. Their dialogue took the form of cross-examination. "I believe you live in Workenbury, Miss Ward?"

"Yes."

"Which do you prefer, town or country?"

"Country."

"Ah, I thought so, yet Workenbury is a pleasant little place. I spent a week there last summer, and I visit it occasionally with Aunt Emma," adding,

with a glance towards the elder lady, "I never go anywhere without aunt; sometimes I fancy I should enjoy doing so, it would be such a pleasant change."

While she talked the young lady took care that her pretty hands should not be overlooked. Sylvia gave them the admiring glance which their owner seemed to solicit, and the conversation went on until it was interrupted by Lady Chadburn's cold, clear voice, saying, "Excuse me, Miss Ward, I must deprive you of your companion for a few minutes;" then turning to the rector's niece, added, "Miss Carlton, may I trouble you? I want your opinion of some wax flowers, for I understand you have a talent for that kind of work."

Flattered at being appealed to by her ladyship, Miss Carlton fluttered away, leaving Sylvia to watch longingly for the appearance of her father, and study the face of Harold's mother, under cover of the book of sketches which she was somewhat listlessly turning over. The entrance of the gentlemen was an inexpressible relief; setting aside the coldness of Lady Chadburn, her visit promised to be an enjoyable one. Cyril was so courteous, and made such exertions to secure everybody's comfort, that Sylvia was taken by surprise, it was so different to her previous impression of him, which had been mostly formed from what she had heard from others. She had always blamed Cyril as the cause of Harold's unhappiness at home, but seeing him as she did that evening, it seemed to her impossible to associate with him anything of wrong or unkindness to any human creature, least of all his only brother. How little did she suspect that while she was forming such favourable judgment of Cyril, he was skilfully weaving a web—that the effect of every small courtesy had been carefully calculated beforehand, governed by the motive that prompted all he said or did that night.

Sir Richard was the only member of the Chadburn household who awakened Sylvia's interest and sympathy. She liked him for his well-known benevolence and genuine kindliness of speech and manner, but it was for Harold's sake that her heart went out so readily to the old baronet. There was a sort of invisible bond between them, which none understood except Dr. Ward. Sir Richard was not satisfied until he had drawn Sylvia to his side, the temptation being a book containing sketches and views of New Zealand. They were turning over the pages together, when to her astonishment the baronet suddenly took her hand in his saying, brokenly, "You were loved by my drowned boy. It is no secret, for your father has told me all, like the honest outspoken man he is. Ever since, I have been longing to see you, and to say how I honour you for refusing to be bound by a secret engagement. If Harold had been spared to come back, I should have been glad to have given my blessing on his marriage. I had hope of him from the time that I heard he had given you

his heart, I have such faith in a woman's love, for keeping a young fellow from going wrong."

Sylvia could not answer in words, but her expressive eyes spoke for her. The old man passed his hand caressingly over the dark head and blessed her for Harold's sake.

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

LEWIS DARLEY COGITATES.

CYRIL CHADBURN continued most assiduous in his efforts to cultivate the friendship of Gerald Darley, and succeeded as he had predetermined he would. It was inexplicable to the young doctor, how they had managed to drift into an intimacy, he and Cyril Chadburn of all persons, for on their first meeting the baronet's son had excited in him feelings of distrust and dislike. He did not guess that it was the result of a preconcerted plan—that he was being managed without his knowledge or concurrence. Shrewd as Gerald was, he was far from being equally matched with Cyril Chadburn. In intellectual calibre the scales might possibly have gone down in favour of Gerald, but this did not better his chance of victory, or provide him with any armour of defence against the weapons of subtlety and craft, which Cyril brought to the kind of masked warfare that he carried on under cover of the sudden friendship he professed to have conceived for the young doctor. The quick transition from contemptuous coldness to obtrusive civility might have excited suspicion, but being naturally generous and trusting, and largely endowed with the charity that "thinketh no evil," the young doctor never thought of questioning the sincerity of the friendly overtures so freely tendered to him by a man who apparently was one among the few who are ever foremost in beneficent deeds, but accepted them as they were offered, and crediting the future baronet with the disinterested goodwill which he claimed, allowed the counterfeit to pass for sterling gold.

Cyril Chadburn had much greater difficulty in dealing with Lewis Darley, the old man was not so easy of management as his nephew. There was more obstinate prejudice to fight down. He had cherished a dislike towards the haughty heir of Sir Richard Chadburn ever since the time that he had discovered his matrimonial intentions towards Bessie Grant, better known among the townspeople of Chesterdale as Miss Darley. Lewis Darley's aversion to the idea of her union with the future baronet was stronger than ever, and he could not altogether divest himself of the thought that the young man's visits were still made with the view of winning Bessie. It was occasionally the cause of some uneasiness to the old man, but Cyril was so guarded in his presence that he made no objection to his visits. Still the feeling of dislike remained, though not as powerful as when it overruled self-interest, and induced him to



fight shy of the bargain which Cyril had urged, even though he knew that the commercial profit of the transaction would be unmistakably on his own side. Even with regard to the old castle, he had only yielded to the persuasion of Gerald, who had been chiefly instrumental in re-establishing Cyril in his friendly relations with Abbey House.

He had not yielded without some show of resistance, saying irritably, "I don't see why you should push the matter for him, Gerald; I have told you repeatedly that I would rather lose by the land than let it go back to that family, to help to feed their overbearing pride."

"Nay, uncle, that sounds like a bit of prejudice; I don't know any one less overbearing than Sir Richard Chadburn."

"I know more about them than you do, my boy."

"That is very likely, uncle, still I must speak as I find, and confess that I think he could not be overbearing to any one."

"I don't dispute it; Sir Richard and I are strangers, so I take your word with respect to him, but I must say that I don't understand the extraordinary friendship which you and Cyril Chadburn seem to have struck up between yourselves."

Gerald smiled as he replied, "Why, uncle, the explanation lies in a nutshell; I was mistaken in my first judgment of him, and therefore did him injustice. His character has an icy crust, but break through that, and you find a nature very different to the impressions which he gives one at first. You will hardly credit it, uncle, but he is busy now in a work of public usefulness that does him credit."

Here the old man put in sarcastically, "And brings his name before the public."

Gerald went on, without noticing his uncle's remark, "Trying to organise a committee to raise funds for the erection and endowment of an hospital for Workenbury. He very graciously sought my advice and co-operation in the good work, which surprised me, as we had been rather antagonistic whenever we met. I was inclined to dislike him, and encouraged the feeling in myself. Since the interview we had at Workenbury, I have done my best to make up for the injustice I had done him. I have every confidence in him, and I should like you to try and let him have the old castle."

The old man gravely shook his head, and placing his wrinkled hand on his nephew's shoulder, said earnestly, "I have not lived all these years, my boy, without gaining some experience in judging, or perhaps I ought to say reading character. I don't say I am not mistaken in my opinion of your new friend, I hope I am."

"I think you will agree with me when you know him better, uncle."

"I doubt it; still, as your friend, he will be welcome at Abbey House; but remember, I am always on my guard."

"What is your decision about the property, uncle; what answer shall I give Mr. Chadburn?"

"I will answer him myself, Gerald; he shall have the old ruin and as much of the land as lies between it and the present boundary of Chadburn Park; with that he must rest satisfied, for I will not part with another acre."

Thus it was that Lewis Darley had yielded to Gerald's persuasion, and let the Chadburns have the ruined old castle, which was held in such veneration by all the members of the family.

As the old man's health declined he grew more suspicious of the young heir; but the wily Cyril was not to be caught.

A few mornings after Gerald's visit to Chadburn Court, he and Cyril met by previous arrangement at the Chesterdale Station, on their way to Abbey House, where they intended to spend an hour or two. The old man, who was standing at one of the upper windows, saw them coming towards the house, their arms linked together, and from what he could judge at that distance, laughing and talking as if thoroughly enjoying each other's society. He hastily closed the window, saying to himself, "As usual, they are coming together. There is something behind that man's sudden friendship for my nephew, I am convinced of it, even though everything seems to contradict the thought. I am puzzled to account for the feeling of repulsion he always sends through me when I see him; I wish I could break the mask he wears, and get at his real character. If, as I suspect, he is after Bessie, I shall checkmate him there, for I intend to have that affair settled this morning. I shall feel uneasy until it is all arranged. If I have my way, Gerald and my darling shall be married before many more weeks have passed. Yes, I must have an answer to the letter I sent him, before he leaves Abbey House. It is strange he has never mentioned receiving it."

He rang the bell, which was answered by Phoebe, who thought her master had taken leave of his senses as she listened to his order.

"Send Mr. Gerald up to me."

"Mr. Gerald, sir?"

"Yes."

Phoebe stared in helpless astonishment at the old man, then blurted out, "He's not here, sir."

"Send him up at once, Phoebe, and don't stand there."

After a moment's hesitation she hurried out, almost flying down the stairs, rushed into the kitchen, where her mother was busy cooking, exclaiming, "Oh, mother—mother, something's the matter with master, he wants me to send Mr. Gerald up, and ordered me out when I said he was not here; I think he's lost his senses."

The old lady dropped the spoon and rushed upstairs, bursting in upon Lewis Darley, who started from his chair in surprise, and said, angrily, "What is the meaning of this, madam?"

She answered, or rather stammered, as she gasped for breath, "I—I thought—my daughter said that—that something was the matter with you."

The harsh look on the old man's face softened, and he said, kindly, "My dear Phillis, don't alarm yourself, I am all right, as you can see for yourself. I asked Phoebe to send Gerald up, for I want to see him alone."

Phillis Ford exclaimed, with undisguised astonish-

ment and fear ludicrously blended together in her face, "Gerald, sir! he's not here."

At that moment the great bell at the gate clanged, and the old man laughed as he discovered the cause of the excitement, and said, "There he is at the gate; why, you looked as if you thought I had gone mad, Phillis. There go and let him in, and tell your daughter that there are windows in Abbey House."

(To be continued.)

## HARMONY WITHIN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ALEXANDER CHADWICK, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, BELFAST.

"Unite my heart to fear thy name."—Ps. lxxxvi. 11.



HERE is a fear that has torment; it is remorseful, abject, slavish. It is such as grasps the guilty man while his eyes grow dim, when he feels the silent stealing in upon him, nearer and nearer, of thoughts and things which he has always held at bay until now, lest they should mar his guilty pleasures. It is such as creeps at times over the undecided man, as he reflects upon the solemnity of death, upon the earnestness of judgment, and compares them with his own faltering, vague, hesitating patronage of religion—as an amateur patronises an art which is pursued by persevering, resolute, aspiring men. This fear gnaws, stings, corrodes; it makes anxious days, it makes sleepless nights; no man ever prayed God to give it him.

But there is an exalting and purifying fear. It is what we call solemnity, reverence, awe. It has no torment nor personal misgiving, no sense of danger. It bids our souls prostrate themselves, without forcing our nerves to tremble. You have felt it in the shade of ancient forests or cathedrals, from the majesty of the mountain, from the stillness of the night. You have felt it, and been glad while you felt it, from the presence of the true and the pure, the wise, the brave, the good. And this fear does not crush; it raises, purifies, sobers a man, so that wherever he has known it, he finds it good to have been there.

And I pity that man who has never felt this calm and great fear toward God, who does not understand what David meant when he said, "Praise is hushed for thee, O God, in Sion;" or again when he said, "There is with thee"—ah! not wrath, not vengeance, not destructive power! but—"there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." David understood well that awe which comes over us, which pierces deeper into our hearts at the thought of pardon than at any thought of punishment. This was the fear which he prays in our verse to have more of—to have his heart united in feeling toward his Father's name.

Not the fear which keeps away, but that which takes off the shoes from the feet while it draws nigh. The veneration which perfect love deepens instead of casting out: which would rather die than absent itself from God's presence; but would rather die ten deaths than desecrate the awful presence-chamber. Such is the fear he craves.

But I want to dwell now upon the other remarkable idea in this verse. David feels not only that such fear is in a general way desirable, but in particular that it is able to concentrate a man's powers, to gather up his scattered energies, to enlist in one pursuit all that is now rebellious, or discordant, or dead within him, and he prays to God accordingly, "Unite my heart to fear thy name."

Who has not sometime discerned that his chief sorrow is not pain, not failure to sway the world outside, not even feebleness? Who has not felt that his feebleness itself is not so much an accident as a blamable thing? that he could do much if his powers were really set to work, and to work harmoniously? There are supreme moments when we find out what is in us, what neither we, nor those who knew us best, ever suspected us to be endowed with. The body has such times, and you can perhaps remember the leap that astonished you ever since, or the strength that overmastered some brute creature or brutal man or ponderous dead weight, which at a common time you dare not face. You were strong because every fibre of your frame consented and conspired to help, because every nerve and muscle, from the clenched teeth to the planted foot, agreed in the desperate effort. And it may be that our intellect has known such times also. In peril your will has commanded and been obeyed, your eye has been calm and watched, your patience has held good, your reason has weighed every change in the position, your imagination has been quick to plan resources, and at the one critical moment, which to lose is to perish, neither decision, nor energy, nor nerve failed you, and you came out of the jaws of failure—triumphant.

Now, it is not pleasant to remember danger merely as such. No man cares to recall his dangerous illness; his sensations when he was in peril, and yet helpless, are most distasteful—he will forget them if he can. But you love to recall such a time as I have spoken of. You know at your heart that it was a time of keen, piercing tingling delight; but why was it so strangely glad? I firmly believe that it was not from gratified vanity; not from the sense of mastery; not from the love of high excitement. These may have helped, but they never made such a penetrating pleasure as many a reader can remember to have felt at such a time. But I can tell what made it. You felt *yourself*; you understood what was in you; you were alive, and all of you was alive; and all your life was harmonious, reconciled, at one. Next moment the waters might swallow you, or the brute or the felon crush out your life; yet you could not help exulting to feel, even for one last flash, what force was in you when thus gathered up and disciplined, and as David says “united.”

But what unhappiness to think how far is our common life, our everyday existence, from such strong concordant force! What war is inside each of us! How far is it from being only the Christian who finds an inner struggle, contention, discord! Not one sinner upon earth is free from it, not one. What, you can produce a godless wretch, somewhere, who finds no spirit of holiness vocal, no inner man alive to torment him any more by contending against the law of sin and death. His conscience is dead and buried, and there is not even a tombstone in his memory to vex him with its reproachful name. You think he is at peace with himself? quiet and self-reconciled, too far sunk for even a struggle to break his deadly concord? Suppose he were, what then? This would not be the union of all his powers, but only the amputation of some. To be reconciled with your brother, or with your conscience, is not exactly the same thing as to have murdered them. But he is not at one, even with what survives of his poor misguided life. Does he want to be powerful? Fear will make war on his ambition. Does he want to be rich? Self-indulgence will dissuade him from toiling as he should. Does he want to be malicious? Interest will bid him crouch and fawn where he would fain strike and trample. And I do not care whether ambition or prudence, avarice or luxury, hate or caution, win the day, enough for my argument that they drag different ways—the man's heart is not “united.” Certainly none of us will dare to say that he has found, in this world, any desire or any occupation upon which he could pour out all his gifts, and find scope for all his energies. At home you rest, at business

you think; the brain and the heart are divided, the intellect does not steadily nourish the soul. Now, this union is what David cries to God to grant him. By the heart he means a great deal more than the affections, he includes in it the reason and the soul as well.

Bring together, he says, all that is within me—what has been long neglected, what has been overpowered, what has been scorned—bring them together, all I am and all I might have been, and make me one harmonious well-proportioned being again, for all may find scope and exercise, and may move and grow, without clashing or confusion, in the holy and peaceful fear of the name of God. We Christians know that name, its character and meaning, as David never knew it. What was a mystery to him is very clear to us: it has been spelled out to us syllable by syllable, letter by letter, in the holy life and the awful death of God made flesh, and the strange word “Jehovah” has been translated into human speech in the mortal name *Jesus*. Does all our being flow out toward him in one waveless, steady stream? or, if that be what we must only learn here, slowly and painfully, are we learning it at least?

Mark how the very word “Jesus” appeals to all that is really human and not devilish in our nature. Begin with what is lowest, our prudence—our instinct of self-preservation. “Jesus”—it means a Saviour; it speaks of danger, it calls to us to beware; the word seems to echo out of dark and terrible abysses, and tell us we may stumble and sink into these for ever, unless we arouse our *caution*, and kiss the Son lest he be angry and we perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little. “Jesus”—it speaks of infinite promotion which he is willing to share with us; it kindles loftier hope and ambition than earth ever excited; and now the word seems to be wafted down from a high exaltation, where that name is above every name, and to say, much is above us, but also there is much for us to share; he is a forerunner, and the firstfruit of a blessed harvest to be gathered into the same place:—

“Our Captain waves us on,  
He beckons from the skies,  
And reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize;  
Be faithful unto death,  
Partake my victory,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
And thou shalt reign with me.”

And thus caution and sanctified ambition are at one.

But again, the word Jesus is not merely significant of a danger or a hope; it is personal, it speaks of One who lived and still lives, of an Exemplar on the earth, and of a Friend above. And as you gaze upon the Model Man, how are you stirred to all gallant resistance of falsehood and

wrong, to all thoughts and words of gentlest, tenderest goodness, to all reverent obedience and worship of God above, to all holiness of thought, word, and deed! And it is no easy task thus to reconcile boldness with tenderness and reverence.

Once more, you think of the Friend; and oh, that one could (for one overwhelming minute) understand his friendship worthily. You think of his obscure and lowly birth, his humble trade, his more weary public years of rejection, dishonour, hate, and surely some strange, deep, joyful emotion, some knowledge of what real friendship is, springs up from these, and from what comes after these; from the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the precious death and burial, all for you! And so the *heart* (as we use the word) is united with all these personal reasons that I have spoken of. And then—and then—is nothing else behind and beyond even this? Why, God himself is behind them—God, manifested and declared to us in that lowly life and that dreadful death. Yes, he who invites us to flee from the wrath, to press toward the mark, to be brave and tender, to love him, he also commands us to adore him; and all that is personal, and all that is above and beyond self; all that blesses us, and all that

calls us to become a living sacrifice; all that draws us with the bands of love, and all that hushes us in reverence, are one! In the fear of that name our whole heart, our whole being, can be united. And in even the beginning of that union there is more blessedness than in all the indulgence which one part of us ever won by trampling on the rest.

Only take with you a last word of caution. *You* cannot thus unite your heart; you cannot learn to desire God supremely; you cannot do, as a hymn falsely talks of doing, "Tear your soul from earth away for Jesus to receive." He himself only can do that. But you can ask him to do it for you, and ask him now. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Kneel before Him who hath loved you, and bought you with his blood, and say, "I am helpless; I can give nothing to God, I can unsettle nothing from the world; but, O Lord, who hast bought me, Lord of pity and help and love, incline thine ear to hear; stretch forth thine hand to save; call back my wandering affections, sanctify my earthbound hopes, 'unite my heart to fear thy name.'" And then trust him, rise up, believing that he has heard you, and according to your faith it shall be done unto you.

## INDIAN NOTES AND ANECDOTES.—V.

BY THE REV. S. MATEER, F.L.S.

### VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION.

**W**ILL the reader accompany me on a visit to one of the Christian congregations under my charge, to see the chapel, the people, and the service? Next in importance to the meeting our native assistants once a week, on Thursday or "report day," for their instruction and the transaction of mission business, are our weekly journeys to inspect the congregations and preach to the people. In Travancere each missionary has a number of village congregations under his superintendence: at one time I had for a considerable period charge of the affairs of two districts, in two distinct languages, embracing ninety-four congregations, with native preachers, schoolmasters, and other agencies.

To which of the villages shall we go to-day? Suppose we select Chāni, some twelve miles from Trevandrum, a congregation in which I have always felt a special interest and satisfaction. And how are we to get there? Walk! why, I have never walked a dozen miles at one time in my life; and in India it would be an utter waste of time and strength; perhaps, at times, of life too, to undertake to travel on foot any considerable distances, considering the risks of sunstroke, dysentery, and fever, which might lay one aside much

longer than would counterbalance the saving of the few shillings spent on travelling expenses. That were indeed to be "penny wise and pound foolish." In India, I can assure you, an acclimatised missionary, who understands the language and the people, and is willing to work, is a valuable article, to be used in the most economical and profitable manner—not assuredly in the mere physical labour of walking on foot, where this can be dispensed with, but in teaching and preaching, and not so much even in instructing the mass of the people, as in teaching the teachers, and seeing that they learn to do, and are diligently engaged in, the work which must ultimately (and the sooner the better) devolve upon the natives themselves.

We shall order out then our "carriage and pair," only a two-wheeled cart, covered over with matting, and drawn by two stout bullocks. And as we travel upon an average at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, we must start on Saturday afternoon, so as to reach our destination at night, and be fresh and ready for good service in the early morning.

The first thing to be attended to is the packing of the cart, or *bandy* as we call it. Some straw is placed in the bottom, as there are no springs to relieve the hard jolting on most country roads, and a light mattress spread over it. My tin trunk fits





(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"She laboured for the love of Him  
Who loveth all the human race"—p. 332.

in at the head of the landy, just behind the driver, and it contains a change of linen, some bread, and tea, and sugar, with materials for the savoury dish of curry and rice; a Malayálim Bible and hymn-book, and some tracts with the congregational lists, and one or two books or magazines in English, for perusal when fatigued with other work. I settle myself inside as well as I can, sitting cross-legged like the Hindoos, or reclining on the mattress, a very convenient position and time for the study, free from interruption, of the native grammar, or committing to memory lessons in the vernacular languages. There is not much room for a second person, but we shall manage somehow. My cook-boy gets up on the shafts of the cart behind, or more frequently walks, for the people here seem to think nothing of walking or even carrying a load from twenty to forty miles. So we start, the driver talking to, threatening, and coaxing the animals, twisting their tails, and incessantly urging them forward.

The highway, or "king's path," southward from Trevandrum being of a fair width and kept in good condition, we proceed along pleasantly and steadily. After passing through several straggling villages, with their little shops and dwelling-houses, we turn off the main road at Várámpuram, a village inhabited chiefly by Mohammedan tradesmen and calico-weavers.\* Most of the land on either side of this road is enclosed and cultivated, and occasionally we go through fine avenues of banyan or other umbrageous trees. Here and there are idol shrines, as well as open *ambalams*, or travellers' rest-houses, and in one place a fine well, with an attendant to dispense the cool and refreshing liquid freely to all passers-by. The scenery at one place is exceedingly beautiful, a full view being enjoyed from a hill of the whole southern district of the country, with rich forests of palms, verdant rice-fields, and productive gardens.

At length we reach the chapel. There is nothing like a street or village here, for the houses are scattered about, though this part of the country is very populous. The chapel is situated in the centre of a small square plot of ground enclosed by mud walls, which are slightly thatched along the top to preserve them from the violent and long-continued rains. The building is of the plainest possible form and the least expensive material, the roof sloping down on the four sides, with a veranda in the front, and several windows on either side. It measures inside about forty-eight feet in length, by twenty-seven in breadth. At the back is a door leading into a little vestry-room, for the accommodation of the minister. Furniture there is none, excepting a chair and table or plain desk for the preacher. The walls are of hard clay, plastered over with lime, the windows quite open, without

glass or blinds to interrupt the free passage of the air, and the roof thatched with plaited cocoa-nut leaves.

On the other side of the mission "compound," stands the catechist's house; the rest of the ground is occupied by a few tall palms, a mango-tree, and some plants of tapioca and other native vegetables.

Let me give you some idea of the rise and progress of this congregation. About ten years ago, the catechist was labouring at a place a couple of miles distant, but with little apparent fruit. Some one provisionally suggested to him to try Cháni, adding, "There are many people there, perhaps some of them will gladly hear your message." He went accordingly, and found the people, especially the women, much attached to their demon-worship, and sorely oppressed by the wealthy landowners in the neighbourhood.

After he had laboured here for a time, first one, then another, then several families, were led by Divine grace to embrace Christianity. They surrendered the devil-dancer's garments, wands, and other implements, some of which I still retain as relics. A shed for worship was in the first instance erected, and then in 1862 a small chapel was built, which we calculated would provide sufficient accommodation for a number of years.

But the congregation continued to increase, and the work to extend beyond all our anticipations. The people exhibited a fine spirit of attention, docility, and faith. In my journal I find such remarks from time to time as these:—"May, 1863. The people very attentive." "June, 1864. People increasing; chapel now full." "December. Chapel too small, needs enlarging; an assistant-teacher wanted." "April, 1865. Though weekday, many came out; congregation increasing rapidly; people very attentive; all have family worship in their houses." "May, 1866. This congregation now the largest in the district." "September, 1867. Alteration and enlargement of chapel completed; English school for boys opened; preached twice, and baptised five adults and eight children; administered Lord's Supper to forty-five." And so on. There are now about 80 men, 80 women, and 140 children—altogether 300 regular attendants, or "professing Christians."

Such is a brief sketch of the history of this interesting congregation, which will prepare us for observing more closely and intelligently the people and the manner of conducting the service.

On Saturday evening I have a long conversation with the native teacher on the internal affairs of the congregation and the arrangements for the coming day. This good man, whose name is Joseph Ratnam, is remarkable for his uncommon spiritual power and moral influence over the people of his charge. I hardly understand the

secret of this extraordinary personal influence, unless it be simply Divine grace, sustained Christian benevolence, and the power of a holy, loving, and consistent life. He is the centre of the work going on here—the leader, patriarch, priest—and the people seem irresistibly attracted towards him. Quiet in manner, judicious in conduct, and inquiring in mind, he yet possesses no learning or intellectual power worth speaking of, and often suffers from ill health. Still I have always felt my respect for him and admiration of his character sensibly intensified after a conversation with him. His knowledge of native medicine no doubt greatly adds to his efficiency and usefulness.

After a sound sleep in the little vestry-room of the chapel, I rise as usual before six o'clock, so as to be ready for the morning service at seven. At the proper time the gong is beaten, and the people begin to assemble.

Glance now at the congregation seated in rows before you, the men on your right and the women on the left. All sit on the hard clay floor cross-legged, as tailors do in our country; but those who wish to be quite comfortable bring with them a plaited palm-leaf, or small mat, to sit on. You see they are mostly plain hardworking country people, the lower, though not the lowest strata of the population—small farmers, gardeners, and farm-labourers, palm-tree climbers, and small dealers in sugar and other articles, mostly earning but a few pence a day. Their dress is scanty enough, consisting of a single calico cloth fastened round the waist, and another thrown over the shoulders and chest as a kind of scarf, or, in the case of females, a loose jacket of cotton print; but the dark brown complexion partly makes up for the deficiency of clothing. White people would certainly look very shocking in such stunted dress, or rather undress as this.

There they are, "both young men and maidens, old men and children," assembled together to unite in praising the name of the Lord, and hearing with reverence his holy Word. What a contrast to their former degrading devil-worship and obscene midnight orgies! There are old men with grey heads, and aged women too, who once joined in the worship of Satan, and deliberately sought demoniac possession. Strong able-bodied men in the noontide of life are there, with their industrious and warm-hearted wives. The children, too, are usually brought to Divine service, the infants in their mothers' arms, the elder ones sitting quietly by the side of their parents.

Observe that tall good-looking man with open features, pleasant countenance, and comparatively fair complexion; that is Moses, the elder of the congregation, and the first convert in this place. Once a devil-dancer and exorciser, he sincerely and thoroughly embraced Christianity, and has

ever since remained a faithful and useful member of the church. He has patiently endured many trials and solicitations to evil, and has been the means of leading many to Christ. Others, too, are noticeable men in their way. One of them presented to the mission the plot of ground on which the chapel stands. Another, a bright quick young man, is the schoolmaster. That stout little woman, with plain but kindly features, is the catechist's wife, a most affectionate, domestic, hospitable character, who is employed as a "female assistant"—a kind of Bible woman, to instruct and pray with the women in their own houses.

The service commences with the singing of a hymn, then prayer is offered, the Holy Scriptures are read, and the Gospel is preached. In prayer you will observe the reverent posture assumed by the people—almost prostrate on the floor, with their hands covering their faces. They repeat aloud with us the Lord's prayer; and it is quite common to hear at the conclusion of the prayer the earnest, half-whispered ejaculation, "*Yesu-ve iratchiyum*" (O Jesus! save).

It is our custom to ask our hearers to repeat the words of the text till all can recite it readily and correctly. There is thus no room for the pitiful excuse so often heard at home, almost before the sound of the preacher's voice has died away, "The text, I have quite forgotten it."

During the sermon, too, we are accustomed to question our hearers so as to sustain their attention. "What is that I am explaining to you?" "Please read such and such a verse." "Do you understand this remark or that explanation?" "Can any one tell me —?" and so forth.

After the sermon, singing, prayer, and the benediction; the list of names of the congregation is read over, the Sunday collection made, and I then hear the people, one by one, repeat a couple of verses of Scripture, and one or two questions of the catechism appointed as the lesson throughout the district for the month. This congregation pays five rupees (or ten shillings) per month of their catechist's salary; the remainder, two or three rupees more, is made up from the funds of the mission.

When all is concluded, the people depart, making a respectful salaam, those of them to whom we may have time to speak answering our friendly inquiries as to health and prosperity. At eleven o'clock the second service is conducted; and in the evening a short prayer-meeting only is held. I generally visit two or three congregations on Sunday, and the same number on Monday, and perhaps one or two on Tuesday also, returning home on Tuesday evening at latest.

Now, I appeal to the intelligent and reflecting reader, who has accompanied me thus far, whether this work is not well worth doing, and emphatically

"a good work," deserving the countenance, sympathy, and support of all good men. Try to realise for a moment the marvellous improvement in dress, habits, education, and social morals of these poor people; the gradual and sure decline of the horrid systems of devil-worship and idolatry which still prevail to so lamentable an extent in Travancore, and the blessed influences of Christian truth on individuals in converting, sanctifying, comforting,

and saving the soul. The moral wastes are already beginning to rejoice, and the desert shall yet blossom as the rose. We are privileged, in the providence of God, to lay in that land the foundations of an Indian Christian Church, which shall, a century hence, be great and glorious in its magnificent proportions and beneficent influences, and shall most assuredly extend till it embraces the whole of the vast and varied populations of India.

### LOST AND WON.

**O**H, she was fair and very fair,  
Her soft round cheek had caught the glow  
Of genial health, her golden hair  
Rose like a halo o'er her brow:  
Her face, a stranger to disguise,  
Had never learned a thought to hide;  
Her whole soul shining through her eyes,  
Told nought of vanity or pride.  
  
Touched by that quick'ning love divine  
That kills each selfish thought of sin,  
And makes a beam of heaven to shine  
Where'er there be a soul to win,  
In tender ruth she took her way,  
Mid heat and cold from door to door,  
And found sweet solace day by day  
Among the suff'ring and the poor.  
  
No path too dirty or too dim  
For her untiring feet to trace;  
She laboured for the love of Him  
Who loveth all the human race.

The tender tones of her kind voice,  
When minist'ring to want and woe,  
Made the downstricken heart rejoice,  
The tear of gratitude to flow.  
  
Before her honest, earnest gaze,  
The fiercest natures bowed the head,  
And ribald lips to pray'r and praise  
By her sweet counsellings were led.  
Time in frivolity and strife,  
Oft squandered, she in noble deed  
Employed, and flowers were called to life  
From out a wilderness of weed.  
  
Smit by the pestilential breath  
Of alleys foul, one summer night  
She sank through the repose of death,  
To waken in eternal light.  
We thought, as on her breast we laid  
Our tribute-wreath, "Her task is o'er  
And though the casket hath decayed,  
The gem is safe for evermore."

### ABOUT NELLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY."

#### CHAPTER VII.

**P**ASS over the next few months, and linger for a moment in the pleasant flowery month of May. I could tell you a thousand trifles which showed me, though Nellie never saw them, and I did not dare remark on them then, that Frank Stanton's love had grown weaker. I did not dare remark upon them then, I have said; yet, I hoped it might be fancy, and did not notice them so keenly as I afterwards remembered them.

There were some little changes besides this. Miss West had left the rooms she occupied in the same house as ourselves, and was living some quarter of a mile off. Still we often visited each other, and spent our evenings together. Dawson West seemed to have grown more absorbed than ever in his

parish, and from the evening when I told him of Nellie's engagement he had almost ceased to come as formerly, and linger chatting, while we worked. I met him sometimes, however, at his sister's, of an evening, while Nellie and Frank Stanton strolled about in the twilight.

The idea of our going to the same watering-place as the Stantons had been told to Daisy, almost as a joke, and she had been so delighted with it that it grew into a resolution. "Only, dear Miss Cowley," she said, "you must go in August. You must indeed, and early in the month, for we—George and I, you know—go to India at the end of August. We are to be married in June, go to Scotland for a few weeks, and then return to town and wind up our affairs. Doesn't it sound funny, *our* affairs? After



that we all go to Deermouth, and we shall stay there till the day before we sail."

"Are you sorry to go?"

"Oh yes, very sorry; only of course it's my duty;" and she put on the laughable air of importance she was so fond of assuming. "And you will come to Deermouth, won't you, Miss Cowley? Only consider! they may be the last days I shall have with Nellie till we are both ugly old women, who knows? You can take lodgings near us, and it will be so pleasant."

"Do you think Mrs. Stanton will like it?"

"Yes, why shouldn't she? We are all so fond of Nellie, and it will be company for us. I shall tell mamma when I go home."

And so it came to be settled that in August, when all my pupils would, I knew, be away from town, Nellie and I should go to Deermouth.

And about Frank Stanton? He had not improved on a closer acquaintance—not in my eyes, at any rate. He had been very much in love with Nellie; I knew he was in love with her still, but not as he had been. She cared for him as much as ever, nay more, for to love him had become a part of her life, and he knew it. Nellie was much too unsophisticated to see anything to be ashamed of in caring for the man she thought to spend her life with; and perhaps the very absence of all coquetry on her part injured her cause; for he felt so certain of her, so perfectly secure in her affection, that he no longer thought it necessary to use any effort to retain it; nay, it had been such an easy task to gain her love, that he failed any longer to see its value. He was a man who was always changeable, who had no fixed purpose or pursuit in life. I believe he would have grown tired of Eden itself, and thought a wilderness pleasant, if it came as a variety. And so he grew tired of my Nellie; not all at once, but very gradually; not in words—for when he was with her he was still the same—but his letters were shorter. I saw that, though I never read a word of them; but I knew it by that one sheet I saw Nellie take from the envelope, and by her half-disappointed remark that "he was going out," or "he was busy, and had not time to write more."

I think the first idea of the truth she ever had was in June, soon after Colonel Stanton arrived in England. She was kneeling at Frank's side one evening, showing him her portfolio, in which there were some new sketches, and I was sitting working at the farther open window with my back turned to them.

"And, Frank," I heard her say, "you won't be impatient, will you, dear? but if you only would——"

"Would what?"

"If you only would tell them, so as not to let it be a secret any longer. Your mother is so cold to me now, and I am not invited nearly so often to your house; and it is, I know, because she suspects—I am sure she does, by the way she watches; and, Frank, if you would only tell her."

"She is still very anxious about Miss Drayton," he answered; "and there are the debts still."

"But, Frank, the debts never seem paid off. I thought you said a few months would settle them."

"Yes, those," he said stiffly, "but there are some more since."

"Oh, Frank!——"

"There, don't preach, Nell; I'm not a model of propriety, and I shall never be a saint, I know. You little goose—there, I didn't mean to be cross, you silly child."

"Frank," she said coaxingly, "couldn't you tell Colonel Stanton?"

"No," he answered; "the fact is he admires Miss Drayton exceedingly. She is very distinguished-looking, you know, though not a beauty; and there is the money—he likes money."

"It is only the money?" she asked anxiously, almost in a whisper; "you do love me the same as ever?"

"Yes, only the money; I love you just the same." But his tone had something in it that sounded like weariness.

"Frank," she said, "I will bring you money some day. I will really; I will work so hard, and people say I'm clever—they do indeed, and I will succeed; and when my picture is finished, it may make me famous—who knows? You will be proud of me then, won't you?"

She did not undervalue her talents now, but prized them, and made much of them; and in her anxiety her love put on Plutus' guise, and she pointed them out to him, and tried to make him value her for what she had, if he would not for what she was.

"Mary," she said, a week later, as she sat still, after reading a letter in which Frank had excused himself from going to the Academy with us—"Mary," she said, facing me unflinchingly, "I want to ask you something. Do you think Frank cares for me as he did?"

"Why?"

"I want you to answer me, Mary."

"Nellie, I cannot tell—I can only hope so." Then she went back to her seat and leant her head down upon the table, and did not speak for some time. Presently she looked up; her face had grown pale, and her lips were pressed tightly together. "Mary," she said, "come what will, I cannot give him up. I will wait and hope, and strive to make him the same as he used to be; I cannot give him up. Without his love I should have nothing to live for, and work for, and hope for—nothing—nothing; it is all my world, and I cannot let it go."

"Nellie," I answered, half afraid, "you should not feel that for any one, it is so wrong."

"Oh, Mary, I cannot help it!" and she burst into tears. From that time we never spoke of Frank Stanton's waning love.

(To be continued.)

## CHRISTIE AT HOME.—I.

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.



**I**DARE say some of my little readers have not forgotten about Christie's Christmas-time,\* and so now I mean to write about what happened after she had returned home from Miss Alston's, quite well and pretty strong again.

Christie's papa lived, as you know, in London; he was clerk in a bank there, and his house was situated not at all pleasantly, in a dusty noisy street, where but very little really fresh air managed to find its way. Such a small house it was too, not one room could anyhow have been spared, and the little parlour where, one warm June afternoon, Christie and her mamma were together, had to serve for dining and sitting room both.

Very busy, indeed, was Christie this afternoon. Seated upon her own little chair, and with a determined look upon her face, she was unpicking as fast as she could her own and her younger sister's last summer dresses, ready for her mamma to make them up again; and so intent was she upon her work that she nearly started when Mrs. Bridgman suddenly, said, "Are you not tired of unpicking now, Christie, dear?"

"Not very," answered the little girl, rather hesitatingly, for truth to say her eyes and fingers were beginning to ache sadly, and she was really longing for a romp in the nursery; but then she knew that if she did not finish the dresses her mamma would have to, and that thought could not be entertained a minute.

"It will take her a long, long time to make them all up again, without having to help undo them as well," she whispered softly to herself; "and she so often has the headache now;" and then Christie remembered what Miss Alston had said to her the morning she was returning home: "Little Christie, your mother has more burthens to carry than you even guess of. Some of them are too heavy for you to know anything about, but some are light enough for you to bear for her, if only you are willing to feel the weight of them. Won't you keep a sharp look out for these, that you may really be her little burthen-carrier, and won't you ask God to help you?"

"I will be the burthen-carrier," thought Christie now; "and I don't mind unpicking these a bit. If only I were grown up ever so big, I might help her make them too; but I suppose that's one of the burthens I can't take yet;" and Christie heaved a little sigh, and then went on with her work with renewed vigour, first stopping, however, to stroke Fluffy, the white kitten, lying curled up at her feet.

For Fluffy was just the best kitten that ever was;

so good-tempered and playful, and so very pretty; while, to crown the whole, she had been Miss Alston's parting present to Christie: no wonder, then, that she loved her little pet.

Nearly an hour passed by, and at last Christie finished her task; then with a happy heart she went to her mamma for a kiss before she started off to the nursery, where three younger brothers, and two almost baby sisters would be sure to welcome her riotously.

The hot room and her busy sewing had made Mrs. Bridgman look pale and tired too, but she managed, nevertheless, to smile cheerily at Christie, as the child looked anxiously up into her face.

"Isn't next Wednesday your birthday, Christie?" she said.

"Why, so it is, mamma," was the ready answer; "and then I shall be getting on for ten."

"And more my little right hand than ever, I expect," said Mrs. Bridgman. "We will make a regular holiday of Wednesday, shall we, Christie? We must have a plum-pudding for dinner, and a birthday plum-cake for tea, made as well as ever I can make it. Then in the afternoon I will take you and the three boys to the Zoological Gardens, and perhaps papa can come too, later. Don't you think it will be quite a grand birthday, Christie?"

There was not much need to ask the question, for a pink flush of pleasure had found its way to Christie's cheeks, and her eyes were sparkling with delight. You see holidays did not come so often to her as they do to some children, while cakes and plum-puddings—at any rate birthday ones—were of very rare occurrence indeed.

"It seems most too good to be true. I shall not be able to think of anything else all the time, till the day come, mamma," she said. "I wish Lillie and the baby could go with us in the afternoon, but I will tell them all I see," and full of excitement, Christie rushed off to tell the news in the nursery, where it was received with a shout of triumph.

A few days passed by, and at last came Tuesday evening. Christie, who was two years older than the twin boys, John and Richard, and who was therefore allowed to sit up an hour later, went up-stairs to find her mamma, after all the other children were in bed and asleep. She had been down in the kitchen to see the good sight of her cake brought home from the bake-office, and now she wanted to have her evening talk with her mamma as usual.

How it happened Christie never knew, but as she stood behind Mrs. Bridgman in the dusky twilight, when they were both going down again into the parlour, Mrs. Bridgman's foot tripped on the first

\* See "The Silver Shaft," page 56.

stair, and in another minute she had fallen down to the bottom of the staircase, and was lying motionless in the passage below.

Christie gave one cry of fright, and the next instant was kneeling by her side; while almost as soon, alarmed by the noise, Mr. Bridgman from the parlour and Ellen from the kitchen came to see what was amiss.

The next few minutes passed just like a dreadful dream to Christie; she hardly knew what happened until she found herself seated all alone on the little couch in the parlour, hugging Fluffy tightly in her arms; while her papa and Ellen were shut up with the doctor in mamma's room.

Poor little girl, she sat quietly alone, with the big tears chasing one another down her cheeks, and a strange heavy feeling of pain and fear in her heart; while Fluffy, just as though she knew her mistress was in great distress, kept poking her nose up into her face, as if she would comfort her if she only knew how. Was her mamma very much hurt, and would she die and leave her alone? was the one dreadful question that would keep coming into the child's mind, as the twilight faded into darkness, and still no one came to her. Too frightened and too lonely to think of anything else, Christie buried her face in the sofa cushion and cried faster than ever.

But at last Christie heard her papa and the doctor come down-stairs together; then the street door was opened and shut again, and then Mr. Bridgman came into the parlour and called, "Christie."

Almost with one bound the little girl was off the sofa and in his arms, while Fluffy, left to herself, scampered away down the passage.

"You must not cry like this, Christie," said Mr. Bridgman, grieved to find his little daughter had been sobbing; "please God we shall soon have mamma well again. She has broken her arm, dear, but Dr. Tracey has set it now, and he hopes she will get on nicely. My Christie must be a little woman, and not cry like this, but go off to bed and to sleep, and then perhaps in the morning she will be able to do something to help mamma."

With a brave heart Christie mounted to the attic room where she and her sisters slept together, and then undressed herself as quickly as she could; first kneeling down very reverently to pray her evening prayer, and, as you may be sure, not forgetting to add a petition that God would be pleased to make her mamma well again very soon. It was sad to have to lie down without having her mamma ready to kiss, and to tuck her up, and the tears were coming again, but then Christie remembered who was watching over and keeping her, and the thought brought peace to her troubled heart, and, soon after, sleep to her weary eyes.

The morning sun was trying to throw a few straggling beams into the room when she woke again, to find Ellen softly moving about, getting the things

ready to dress little Coznie and Lillie; who, too young to understand much about illness, were evidently very disappointed to find that, after all, Christie's birthday was not going to be one of rejoicing.

Mrs. Bridgman was better, she had slept a little during the night, and Ellen spoke so cheerfully about her, saying she thought she would soon be well again, that by the time Sarah, the little nurse-girl, who came every day to take care of the children, arrived, Christie was quite ready to go down with Ellen to help her get the breakfast.

But I must not stay to tell you what a help to every one Christie proved to be that day, you would not think a child of nine could have been so thoughtful, did you not know, as I do, that the absence of her mamma's presence brought all the more vividly to her mind, some of her words, especially something she had said not many days since:—

"My Christie, even little children can please the Lord Jesus, if they only try with all their hearts. They must be thoughtful and loving, and they must do every little thing, whether it is work or play, as well as they can, because they know that he can see them."

(To be concluded.)

#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

128. Name the first weapon brought under the notice of the reader of the Bible.

129. The prophecy of Amos (vii. 9), that "God would rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword," is strangely misquoted on one occasion.

130. The worship of Baal was introduced among the Israelites at three different periods in their history. Name them.

131. Quote a passage from one of the greater prophets which proves that the law as "to eating blood" was systematically neglected in his time.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 303.

116. Trumpets were blown (Numb. x. 10); trade was suspended (Amos viii. 5); public services were held (Isa. lvi. 23); feasting was customary (1 Sam. xx. 5).

117. Hanging (Numb. xxv. 4); burning (Lev. xx. 14); stoning (Numb. xv. 35); the spear or the sword (Exod. xxxii. 27).

118. Gen. xli. 42. Esther iii. 10 compared with Esther viii. 2, 8, 10.

119. Compare Lev. xxvi. 34, 35 with 2 Chron. xxxvi. 20, 21.

120. Lam. i. 7.—"The adversaries saw her, and did mock at her Sabbaths."

121. The book of Jasher, whence is extracted the lament of David over the death of Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 18).

## BIBLE NOTES.

HEALING THE CENTURION'S SERVANT (Matt. viii. 5-13; Luke vii. 1-10.)



*CERTAIN* centurion's servant who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die."

We have two separate accounts of this miracle—one given by St. Matthew, the other by St. Luke. The most remarkable point in which they differ is that, according to St. Matthew, the centurion comes in person to ask Christ to exert his power; according to St. Luke, he sends others to act as intercessors between him and Christ. This apparent discrepancy may be reconciled by the fact that, in historical narratives a man is said to do a thing himself who orders it to be done by others.

A centurion was an officer in the Roman army in command of one of the *centuries*, which, as the name implies, originally consisted of a hundred men. His servant—literally *slave*—was dear to him. He was now sick of the palsy, and was on the point of death. The interest he displays in his servant was unusual and commendable, for the Romans generally regarded their slaves as chattels and not as human beings.

"When he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant." Jesus had just entered Capernaum, where numbers of his mighty works had been performed. These, no doubt, had been heard of or seen by this centurion, and had made a deep impression on him, so that when he was in distress himself, he without hesitation invokes the aid of Him who could hear and answer prayer. He may have heard that Christ was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and so he sent some of Christ's countrymen to him, hoping that they would succeed better than himself. Those he sent were probably the officers of the synagogue he had built. They proved themselves well worthy of the trust reposed in them; they executed their commission with zeal, pleading earnestly for him, though a heathen, yet as one whose affection and love for them had deserved this return of favour.

"He was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." What an unusual and touching sight was this! Jews pleading for one who is a stranger to the covenant. They, unlike the great majority of their brethren, must have had faith in the wonder-working power of Christ; they must have seen some of his miracles, and have been satisfied that he could, if he would, comply with the request that they make of him on behalf of another. They ask the favour for two reasons. Though the Romans as a rule treated the nations conquered by them with great severity, and though they especially despised the Jews, for refusing to worship their gods, still here is one of them—a

soldier—who loves the nation, and to show that this love is real and deep-rooted, he of his own accord, at his own expense, has built for them a synagogue, that in which those very men who now ask something for him, are wont to worship.

"Jesus went with them." He who as God is present everywhere, and sees the inmost recesses of the heart, saw the faith of this centurion, that it was strong, and worthy of being rewarded; and it is for this reason, and not because of the love he bore the Jewish nation, nor for the synagogue he had built them, that He who never turned a deaf ear to a call for mercy, went to display once more his power to heal.

"When he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends, saying, Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." When he is aware of the Saviour's willingness to come—he probably sees him approaching the house—his faith increases; he has a deep inward feeling of his own unfitness for a meeting with this holy Being. He felt that the honour about to be conferred on him was too great. He was unworthy that Christ should enter his house; he was satisfied that he had received him in his heart. He therefore sends some of his friends to detain him, and thus prevent him fatiguing himself by coming any farther. "Where is the necessity," he in effect asks, "for you to trouble yourself, when a word spoken by you is sufficient?" What a faith is this! What an impression must Christ's fame have made on him! How grand his view of Christ's power, that by a word, at a distance from the sick man, he can heal him!

"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." He who came to seek faith, and to impart it to all who desired it—He who came to seek it where it should be found, even in the midst of God's chosen people, declares that in this centurion, where one would expect little, he had found a depth and strength of faith that was indeed wonderful.

"The servant whole that had been sick." Such is the reward of this faith; not only was the pain under which he was suffering alleviated, but he was made whole altogether; not by a slow process, but in an instant, for we may be sure that Christ's word took effect immediately.

From the record of this miracle we may learn that no man is too mean for Christ's love; that he is no respecter of persons. Here was a slave sick of the palsy, grievously tormented, and he is healed by reason of his master's faith, the cry of pity pierced the tender heart of Jesus, and brought about the healing of the disease.